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OR

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Would you either skate, or slide,
Ever Oh! of falls beware,
Pain often, stands by pleasures side
Broken heads, are skaiters fare.

The Bear is in a surly mood,
I, should not like him in a wood,
Then buffet him, if you advance,
But mind, this knot, shall make you (dance)

Come, trundle now your Hoops, my boys.

And drive them quick along,

While each his favorite sport enjoys,

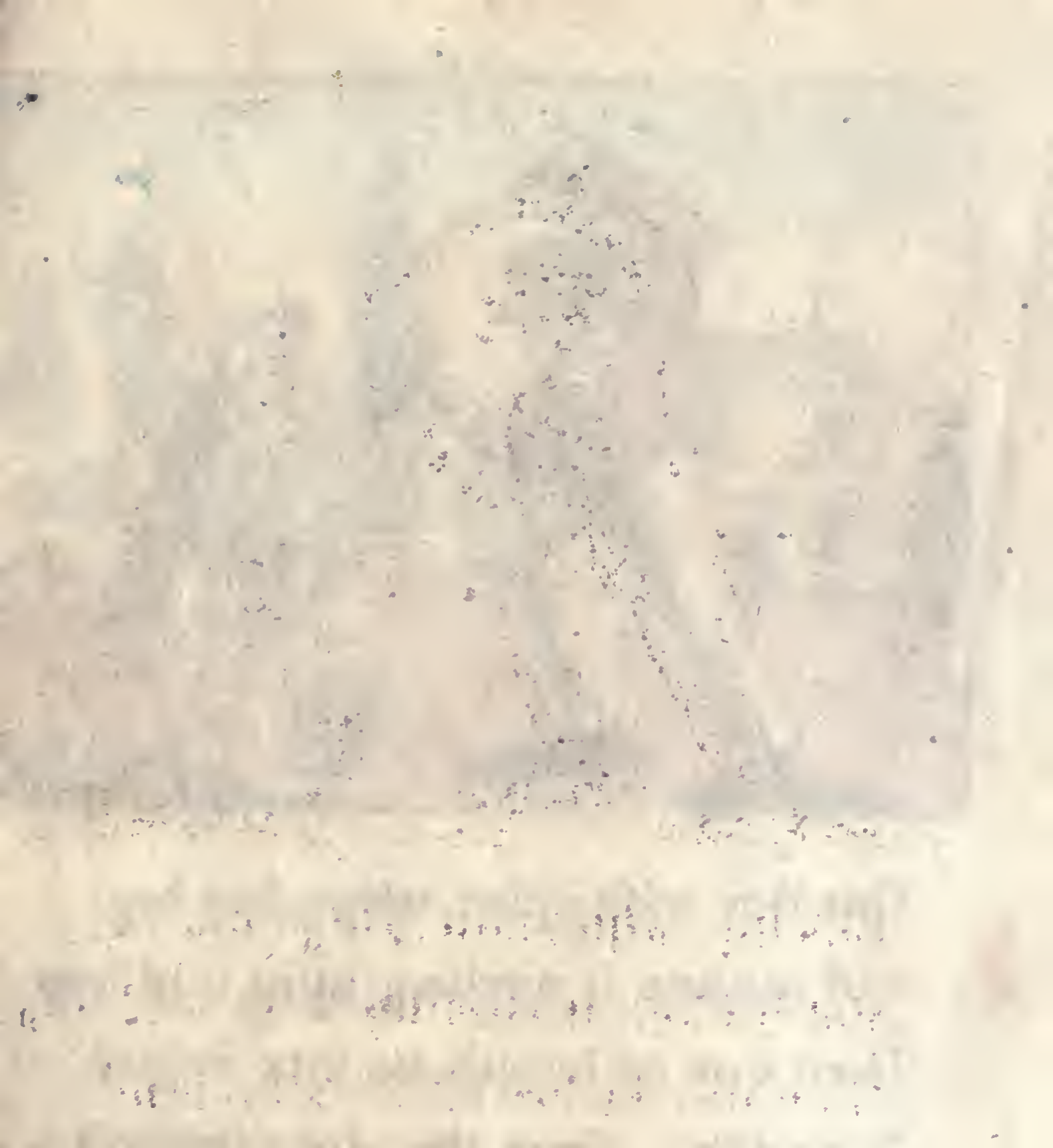
Amidst the jovial throng.

The little Veſsel spreads all sail,
Swift wafted by the gentle gale,
And as she glides along the stream,
Their eager eyes, with pleasure beam.

High bounding like the nimble deer
At Leapfrog, blithesome boys appear
While health gives vigour to the frame
And fits them for the active game.

With bat and trap, the Youth's agre'd
To send the ball abroad with speed,
While eager with his open hands,
To catch him out, his playmate stands

This Boy with spirit, whips his top,
And makes it circling, spin and hop,
Then out of breath, he sits awhile,
To rest him from the pleasing toil.



The Kite majestic soars on high,
In various gambols, thro' the sky,
Deck'd out with stars and colors gay,
Upon the schoolboys holiday.

The time for playing Top is in,
By Proclamation, let them spin,
To drive the counter, to its bound,
Upon the smooth enamell'd ground.

The Pins in even order stand,
Like ranks of soldiers, in a band,
And many a Youth before his prime,
Is fell'd, by that arch bowler-Time.

Now each regardless of a fall,
With crooked stick, oft strikes the ball,
Which o'er the icy surface flies,
The adventr'us game, with ardour plies.